
David Robertson's

P O E M S.

1784

Davin Robert Louis

178

P O E M S

B Y

DAVID ROBERTSON.

Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
Infania? Audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amens
Quos et aquae fubeunt et aura.

HORACE.

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DAVID JOHNSON

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C O T

1. *[Faint text]*
2. *[Faint text]*
3. *[Faint text]*

4. *[Faint text]*
5. *[Faint text]*
6. *[Faint text]*

7. *[Faint text]*
8. *[Faint text]*
9. *[Faint text]*
10. *[Faint text]*

P O E M S.

L'INAMORATO*,

A P O E M,

I N T W O C A N T O S.

C A N T O I

AS the bee, in woodbine shade,
Wanders o'er the dewy blade,
Sipping balm, or juicy sweet,
From lily, rose, or violet;

* As the title of this Poem may lead some readers to look on it as one of the many imitations of L'ALLEGRO and IL PENNEROSO, the author begs leave to mention, that the design of his poem no ways resembles that of Milton's two beautiful lyric pieces.—The Italian title and his easy flowing versification are adopted, because the subject seemed to require it; and the rhimes are pretty frequently transposed, in order to give more variety to the performance.

So I, with Fancy, chanc'd to stray
Erewhile in Pleasure's flowery way,
Where Beauty and the Graces rove,
Smiling, hand in hand with Love;
And fairy-featur'd Hope is seen,
Lightly skipping o'er the green,
Scattering many an am'rous wile,
The winning look, the pleading air,
Of the young timid yielding fair,
And Modesty's approving smile.

The opening bloom on HARRIET's cheek,
Her dewy lips, and snowy neck,
The swelling of her bosom bare
Half seen beneath her auburn hair
And glowing softness of her arm,
And graceful step of heav'nly charm---
First allur'd my thoughts to rove
In the wild'ring ways of Love.

L'INAMORATO.

3

But HARRIET's soft and polish'd frame
Only shone with Beauty's flame,
And conceal'd a vulgar mind,
Dead to every charm refin'd,
From Wit or Sentiment that flows,
Or blithe-ey'd Cheerfulness bestows.

Not long I saunter'd with this fair,
Till ANNA's gay enam'ring air,
And flowing mirth, and sweetest song,
And artless prattle of her tongue,
Won my heart ere well aware,
No soul has he, who could have seen
The Graces rising in her mien,
As often, in sequester'd grove,
At evening time, we talk'd of love;
Soft mingling with a tender sense
Of modesty and innocence,
The jocund leer, the dimpled smile,
And nod, and wink, replete with guile,

L'INAMORATO.

Th' inviting glance, when transport high
 Wanton'd in her azure eye,---
 And yet for ANNA never sigh.
 Oft would that eye in fondness roll,
 As by my side she sat reclin'd,
 My arms around her waist entwin'd,
 While many a kiss I slyly stole.
 Anon I felt unknown alarms,
 And fell a victim to her charms;
 Nor ever thought a nymph so gay,
 In triumph, would her swain betray;
 Or that the tear should e'er bedew
 My bosom, when she prov'd untrue.

With Beauty cloy'd, and being bit
 By that serpent call'd Coquette,
 Pensive, I left the flowery green,
 Where I had sported many a day,
 Following Pleasure's transient ray,
 And, heedless, sought the dell of Spleen;

Where Prudery, in gloomy pride,
And frowning Apathy, reside.

Soon roaming o'er a desert dale,
Where never breathes the genial gale,
Where hemlock beds with reptiles teem
As moisten'd by a muddy stream,
And vapours rise in volumes grey,
Clouding the cheerful face of day;
By chance I spied the prudish maid
In snowy vestment prim array'd:
No flounce or fold was pinn'd awry,
So much she studied nicety;
Her jetty hair, sleek'd up behind,
Ne'er floated in the sportive wind,
Nor modest handkerchief reveal'd
What young coquettes scarce wish conceal'd:
Like them, she never knew the grace
Of pleasing, or the bland embrace

Of paramour; nay deem'd amiss
The side long glance, the yielding kiss.

As I approach'd this rigid dame,
With fault'ring step, and shudd'ring frame;
On me, in fullen discontent,
Her grey unsparkling eye was bent:
Nor from her seat she deign'd to rise,
Nor welcome brighten'd in her eyes;
And looks demure, and squeamish pride,
The place of every smile supplied.

But when I scornful by her past,
A simpering leer on me she cast,
Good-humour gleam'd upon her mein
And mingled with a glance serene;
While in a trim affected air,
Much she warn'd me to beware
Of Pleasure's gay enchanting wiles,
And young-ey'd Beauty's cheerful smiles,

L'INAMORATO.

7

Of winning Mirth, and Wit's fly graces,
And Love's unsolemniz'd embraces;
Then much she talk'd of Virtue's power
To guard us in th' impassion'd hour,
Of Prudence, and of Friendship's flame,
And meek Reserve, and virgin Shame,
And Chastity's dear honour'd name.

Wearied with Prudery's fretful tale,
On a bank as I repos'd
Amid the solitary vale,
Dewy Sleep my eye-lids clos'd.
Descending from the climes of light,
Anon a Figure caught my sight:
On a fleecy cloud she rode,
A sky-wove robe around her flow'd,
In folds so fine, it more reveal'd
Her mingling beauties, than conceal'd:

So shines the lily of the dale,
Array'd in Nature's softest hue,
When opening to the morning gale
'Tis thinly veil'd in lucid dew.
Love's softning blush, and Beauty's flame,
Brighten'd on her graceful frame;
And life's cerulean veins were seen
Meand'ring thro' her snowy skin:
In humid lustre, mildly shone,
Her timid eye; and "for her crown,
"The Red-breast, and the Turtle-dove,"
Mimosa's trembling leaves had wove.
When from her bosom burst the sigh,
Or secret anguish fill'd her eye,
The leaves, as conscious of her woe,
No more in native verdure blow,
But seem in sympathy to share
Her pang of sorrow and of care;

L'INAMORATO.

Yet soon as Grief no more is seen
To o'ercast her lovely mien,
Her cheeks their vivid glow regain,
And rapture throbs in every vein;
Again the leaves begin to bloom,
And a fresher green resume.

Alighting from her chariot bright,
In all her charms she now appear'd,
And, smiling on me with delight,
Thus she express'd her fond regard,
In strains more melancholy sweet
Than ever charm'd a mortal yet,
Even tho' he chanc'd to faunter nigh
The scene of midnight minstrelsy,
When rev'ling in the Moon's soft beam,
By haunted mountain, wood, or stream,
In green and gold the Fairies gleam.

B

" Not distant far, in blissful grove,
 " Beauty, and Harmony, and Love,
 " With Pleasure dwell---thence I descend,
 " Thy heavenly Guardian and thy Friend.*

" 'Tis mine to waken young Desire ;
 " The soul of Genius to inspire ;
 " On playful Childhood's way to strew
 " Gay Fancy's flowers of many a hue ;
 " And o'er the infant mind diffuse
 " The hallow'd influence of the Muse.
 " Long have you felt the mystic glow,
 " That on my fav'rites I bestow ;
 " The transport of the soul refin'd,
 " And anguish of the feeling mind,
 " Successive thrill your trembling frame ;
 " For transient pleasure, transient pain,
 " Mark the bosom where I reign---
 " Hence, SENSIBILITY my name.

* Hayley's Triumphs of Temper, Canto First.

- " 'Twas I who led you first to rove
" Among the myrtle bowers of Love ;
" Who, from young HARRIET's blooming frame,
" Inspir'd a bright, tho' transient flame :
" That you, my fav'rite, hence might know,
" Tho' the soft cheek of beauty glow,
" Like vernal rose of freshest hue,
" Blushing beneath the morning dew ;
" Yet soon the deepest tints will fade,
" And soon the softest charms will cloy,
" Should SENSIBILITY ne'er shed
" A portion of ethereal joy,
" Flowing from my breath refin'd,
" Into the yeilding female mind ;
" Thence, with inspiration warm,
" To animate the polish'd form ;
" To bid the smiling Graces rise,
" And pour o'er Beauty's native bloom
" A softer glow, and to illumine
" With living fire responsive eyes.

- “ And when you saw these charms combin'd,
“ Beaming from ANNA's gayer mind,
“ In winning smile, or am'rous glance,
“ Inviting Lovers' soft advance,
“ By me, the fly coquetish art,
“ You deem'd the language of her heart;
“ And when the maiden prov'd untrue,
“ 'Twas I who bade the tear bedew
“ Your throbbing breast; till, more serene,
“ You saunter'd to this gloomy scene;
“ And here, left Prudery's fullen strain,
“ Heard lately murm'ring from the plain,
“ Should have seduc'd you as a slave
“ To Apathy's infernal cave,
“ I stretch'd your limbs in bland repose,
“ And o'er you shed Sleep's balmy dews
“ From yonder cloud---hence may you learn
“ Thy heav'nly Guardian's fond concern;

- “ And, from your recent anguish, know ”
 “ How near the hidden thorn of woe, ”
 “ The vernal buds of pleasure blow : ”
 “ How well the light coquette can feign ”
 “ Herself a follower in my train, ”
 “ Glowing with conquest to decoy ”
 “ Unwary youth to vales of Joy ; ”
 “ And as he roams the blissful scene ”
 “ To lead him to the dell of Spleen : ”
 “ Or should he climb the airy steep ”
 “ Of Rapture---giddy with the fight, ”
 “ Ah me ! he sinks to endless night, ”
 “ Where Melancholy wakes to weep. ”
 “ When I on fav’rite nymphs bestow ”
 “ Of young Desire the hallow’d glow ; ”
 “ They roll no fond inviting eye *, ”
 “ Nor heave th’ uncover’d bosom high,

* This and the following verse from Mr Logan’s poems.

“ Vainly to win the coxcomb gay,

“ Or heart of guileless swain betray.

“ To nature true, their breasts arise,

“ Soft-beaming languish fills their eyes ;

“ Bright on their cheek the blush is seen,

“ Fine passions struggle in their mein ;

“ And, as my rising power they feel,

“ The more they study to conceal

“ These beauties, Love and I reveal.

“ With me yon beaming car ascend,

“ I'll bring you to my fav'rite grove ;

“ There on your footsteps shall attend,

“ Unseen, the Pleasures born of Love ;

“ Around you Beauty's train shall rove,

“ Nor anguish more your bosom rend.”

L'INAMORATO.

CANTO II.

HERE ceased the sweet Enthusiast's song
To warble from her plaintive tongue;
And tow'rd her region of delight,
Attended by the buoyant gale,
Anon she moved her chariot bright
From the bleak solitary dale.
And now I spied the well-known glade,
The eddy stream, and neighb'ring bower,
Where morning, noon, and evening hour,
Following Love, I blithly strayed,
Or by her side unweeting played:
Among the groves was ANNA seen,
Stalking along the velvet green,

With haughty step, in white brocade,
O'er which a wreath of gauzes played;
High shone above her towering locks
Gems, feathers, flow'rs, fresh from the box :
Attendant on her walk, a train
Of simpering coxcombs, pert and vain;
And as she threw her smiles around,
Each hollow heart return'd a sigh,
Like feathered shafts her glances wound---
But lo! the wounded never die.
" The gay coquette" (my Guardian said,
As slow her chariot left the glade),
" In glow of youth and beauty's pride,
" A while in triumph high may ride;
" Yet soon will Age his wrinkles shed,
" Soon Hope, with every charm, be fled,
" And never, never will she know
" The joys from mutual love that flow;
" Nor ever in a blooming race
" A mother's graces will she trace:

“ And when she mingles with the dead,
“ No tear shall o'er her dust be shed;
“ No daughter for her guardian mourn,
“ No widow'd lover clasp her urn.”

But now these scenes 'gan to recede;
And soon we pass'd a level mead,
Where many a village nymph and swain,
With summer's gayest flow'rets crown'd,
To Minstrelsy's enlivening strain
Skimm'd along the verdant ground,
Hand in hand a jocund train;
As from the welkin's western way
Glanc'd the sun's departing ray,
And gradual o'er the varying sky
Evening rose in crimson dye.
Scarce had we left the sportive green
Till a deep vale 'gan to appear,
Whence shrieks of anguish thrill'd the ear:
Here, glimm'ring thro' the trees, was seen,

By the red moon, a new-made grave ;
Close by it murmur'd the dark wave ;
And o'er it hung funereal yew,
Shedding the midnight's drizzly dew,
Among whose boughs the Nightingale
Sung ELUSINO's plaintive tale * ;
To sooth a love-lorn frantic maid,
Who on the dank moss-turf was laid.
As o'er her heaving bosom bare
Wav'd her black dishevell'd hair,
Along the grave, in silent mood,
Myrtle and willow-leaves she strew'd ;
In wildest frenzy now she star'd ;
Now her dead lover's cries she heard ;
And now the Maniac weep'd aloud.

Tho' Sympathy's convulsive sighs
My bosom tore, and tho' my eyes

* Elegy of a Nightingale.

Liberal Opinions, Vol. I.

Could not supply a pitying tear,
Yet much I wish'd to linger here ;
Some gentle solace to afford
The maid, who wail'd her murther'd Lord :
But soon our ether-chariot rose
Far o'er this scene of human woes.

Now Morning from the orient gleam'd,
And now in fuller radiance stream'd,
Disclosing to my ravish'd sight
A landscape, breathing gay delight---
The grassy vale, the swelling hill,
While southward fell a mazy rill,
Adown the steep, thro' mantling bowers,
And lawns o'erspread with fresh-blown flowers ;
Whence Zephyr on his downy wing
Wafted the fragrance of the Spring :
Along the dewy-beaming green,
Boldly beside the crested deer,

Many a sporting hare was seen,
And snowy lambkins bleating near.
Meanwhile was heard the distant low
Of herds upon the mountain brow ;
The hum of bees, the neighb'ring rills
Echoing adown the little hills ;
The cooing of the turtle-dove,
And vernal melodies of love
From every minstrel of the grove :
Hard by yon copse of briar-bushes
The blackbirds chanted to the thrushes ;
The red-breast, and the linnet gray,
Shook the bloomy hawthorn spray ;
While overhead the lark was borne :
As higher in the sky he rose
His breast with fuller transport glows,
In sweeter strains his welcome flows
To the returning beam of Morn.
Soon as we reach'd the inmost glade,
My Guardian to a neighb'ring shade

Slowly withdrew; while on my ear
Softly flow'd her accents clear :

“ Beneath yon roof of twisted vines,
“ On daïsied bank a Nymph reclines ;
“ Tho' many a love-inspiring grace
“ Smile sweetly on my JULIA's face ;
“ And tho' young Genius coy disclose
“ The mind replete with Fancy's glow,
“ The flowers of Taste in vernal blow,
“ And every charm the Muse bestows ;
“ Yet lovelier seem'd the plaintive air
“ Of Innocence divinely fair ;
“ The eye with mildest glories beaming,
“ Whence oft the tear of pity streaming ;
“ The living blush, the soul refin'd,
“ True image of my heav'nly mind :
“ For to my fav'rite, when a child,
“ I once unveil'd my highest charms ;

- “ In extacy the Infant smil'd,
“ And wanton'd in her mother's arms.
“ Now breathing from yon echoing grove,
“ I catch her plaintive strains of love :
“ O'er Harley's tale* now she reclines,
“ Wetting with tears the simple lines
“ Which I inspir'd : And as arise
“ The tender scenes to Fancy's eyes,
“ The Fairy's mimic wand, unseen,
“ Softly pencils Harley's mien,
“ Imparting each peculiar grace
“ That in your features she can trace.
“ My heav'nly Presence shall entrance
“ Your thoughts no longer ; straight advance
“ To yon retreat ; there you shall prove
“ The soft return of JULIA's love ;
“ And there her bosom first shall know,
“ That highest blessing I bestow,
“ Friendship, sublim'd by Passion's glow.”

* The Man of Feeling, written by Mr M'Kenzie.

She paus'd. Then step by step withdrew,
Till mingling with the welkin blue.
I woke ; and wand'ring by a brook,
Sudden the rustling breeze display'd,
Embosom'd in a flowery nook,
JULIA in flowing chintz array'd.
The woodland-choir above her sung,
As o'er th' endearing page she hung.
Her cheek with light of Beauty glow'd,
Which every soft'ning feature show'd ;
Her full breasts rose beyond controul,
As from her wishful glances stole
The tend'rest feelings of the soul.
Smiling the Graces round her sported ;
And here young Innocence resorted,
Of gay, and sympathetic mien,
Whose form is oft by Poet seen,
While slumb'ring by some wizard stream,
Beauty employs his blissful dream.

Not sooner scuds the timid fawn
Along the verdure-mantled lawn,
When, breathing on his shrinking ear,
The breeze has whisper'd danger near ;
Nor swifter o'er the dimpled stream
Glances the Sun's returning beam
At morn---than JULIA's charms impart
A glow of rapture to my heart ;
Than the full pulse, and trembling frame,
And short quick pant reveal the flame.
In transport long the maid I view'd,
Yet could not on her thoughts intrude ;
So pure the spirit of Reserve,
Glowing breath'd thro' ev'ry nerve.
At length, it chanc'd a favourite lamb,
Around whose neck the eglantine
JULIA had wove with jessamine,
While gamb'ling by its placid dam,
Vain of the gay embroid'ring wreath,
Fell heedless in the bourn beneath.

As welt'ring 'midst the surgy brook,
Crying it threw a wistful look,
Around, when from the copse I hied,
And sav'd it from the whelming tide.
Up sprung the Nymph---her glance caught mine;
My heart beat high with bliss divine.
The light of youth now disappear'd,
Now transient glow'd on JULIA'S mien,
Trembling, she ey'd me with regard,
Till gradual rose the smile serene;
And with the languish of her eye,
And native blush of Modesty,
Own'd sympathetic Love was nigh.

While yielding to my bland caress,
Her swelling breasts I timid press,
Ah! many a tender thought arose,
And ardent wish'd I to disclose---
Each feeling, as it ling'ring hung
Mute, on my fascinated tongue.

But soon appear'd a beaming cloud,

“ Slow-falling down the yielding sky,”

Whence straight in tuneful accents flow'd

The voice of SENSIBILITY.

“ My fav'rite Pair! no other vow,

“ Or Heav'n, or Nature, asks of you ;

“ For, to your bosoms I impart

“ Love's tend'rest unison of heart.

“ Affection's pure ethereal fire

“ My spirit ever shall inspire ;

“ And, as you own my soft controul,

“ Thro' ev'ry vein shall transport roll,

“ And Pleasure's smile illume your soul.”

* From Mr Cameron's Poems.

M O N O D Y.

ESCA *, with dear delight no more I stray

Along thy shrub and root-inwoven side,

Where first my oaten reed I tried,

At the soft bidding of the Muse,

Who from the vales of Fancy chose

Many a flow'r to strew on Childhood's way.

Nor e'er again, amid thy native shade,

Shall my attendant Sire hear me essay

The Doric strain, what time the western ray

Of Phœbus shoots across the willow-glade.

Now, when my youth requires his duteous aid,

No more his fond persuasive lays

In plaintive melody that flow'd,

Can charm my infant thought from Error's maze;

* The river Esk runs close by Dalkeith. On its banks is pleasantly situated the seat of the Duke of Buccleugh.

But soon appear'd a beaming cloud,

“ Slow-falling down the yielding sky,” *

Whence straight in tuneful accents flow'd

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Nor can a Father's hand me lead
From wizard Pleasure's flow'ry mead,
By star of Science pure, to Virtue's high abode.
Ah no!--he sleeps in yonder grave,
By ESCA's solitary wave,
To me, to Heav'n, to all the Muses, dear.
Long o'er thy green frequented sod, the tear
Of filial anguish shall spontaneous flow,
Parent! and Guardian thro' this dark sojourn;
And long as I embrace thy hallow'd urn,
With soft regret this forrowing breast shall glow.

S O N N E T.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MINSTREL.

OFTEN with Fancy young the live-long day,
By streamlet clear, my native dales among
I wander, list'ning to thy plaintive lay,
Divinest Minstrel of the fav'rite throng
Who breathe in simple rhyme enchanting song!
Or lost in vision wild, or tender thought,
As morning beams the orient skies along,
Thro' many a gay romantic scene remote
With thee I saunter to the hallow'd spot,*
Where flows, in sweetest strain, the tale of woe
From pitying Sage---Ah! could this verse with thine
In beauty, tenderness, or fancy's glow,
Compare; soon should the willing Muse entwine
Around thy honour'd brow the bay divine.

* See the Minstrel, Book II. Stanza ix.

TO A
YOUNG LADY
ON THE
DEATH OF A COMPANION.

WHEN beats your heart with young desire,
May Love a mutual glow inspire ;
And when at Hymen's shrine you bow,
May Innocence smile on your vow ;
And Joy and Peace illumine your way
As thro' Life's varying scenes you stray :---
So may you never, never know the tear,
That now a Lover pours o'er his AMEBIA's bier !

DRAMATIC ODES.

Effert animi motus interprete lingua.

HOR.

THE MANIAC, A DRAMATIC ODE.

INSCRIBED TO HENRY M'KENZIE, ESQ.

SCENE, *A Church-yard.*—TIME, *From the close of Evening
to the break of Day.*

‘ FROM the cell of woe afar,
‘ While in dew the evening-star
‘ Glowing o’er the azure sky,
‘ From his hill attracts my eye,
‘ And the moon with beam serene
‘ Illumes the lonely church-yard green,
‘ Fault’ring I reach my Lover’s grave;
‘ With tears his cold clay-bed I lave,

- ‘ And o’er the turf I sorrowing strew
- ‘ Willow dank with mid-night dew.
- ‘ No---that flowery wreath I twine,
- ‘ To encircle Hymen’s shrine.---
- ‘ Sure my BILLY is not dead---
- ‘ Virgins deck the bridal bed,
- ‘ Chant the hymeneal lay---
- ‘ This is LUCY’s wedding day.
- ‘ Now she hastes with joy to meet
- ‘ Her Bridegroom---in his winding-sheet
- ‘ Is he clad!---“ His heart is cold,
- “ O’er him kindred dust is roll’d ;
- “ Deep in the narrow grave he’s laid,
- “ Beneath that yew-tree’s waving shade !”
- ‘ Hush ye wildly-murm’ring gales,
- ‘ Fairy-minstrels of the vales,
- ‘ Responsive to the tuneful wail
- ‘ Of Ring-dove echoing from the dale,
- ‘ Hear I not his plaintive strain ?---
- ‘ Yes---on earth we meet again !

- ‘ Wipe the tear from Lucy’s face ;
- ‘ Bless her in thy fond embrace !---
- ‘ On the wings of morning gray,
- ‘ Lo ! his Spirit hies away :
- ‘ Thro’ the azure fields of air
- ‘ Led by Fancy’s beaming star,
- ‘ With dizzy eye, I trace his flight
- ‘ As I reach the realms of light,
- ‘ Breathing from the sapphire sky
- ‘ Strains of heav’nly minstrelsy,
- ‘ Play sweetly on my ravish’d ear,---
- ‘ ’Tis BILLY’s voice !---“ My Lucy dear !
- “ Welcome to this blissful clime,
- “ Welcome to this seat sublime,
- “ To this amaranthine grove,
- “ The abode of Joy and Love ;
- “ Where Beauty’s flow’rs in vernal glow,
- “ Along the rills of Pleasure blow---
- “ Here, Lucy, here I wait for you !”

- ‘ Ah, me! the gay illusion’s gone!
‘ Bending o’er yon humble stone
‘ Where an honour’d Mother sleeps,
‘ See, my hoary Father weeps!
‘ Who now will every grief assuage?
‘ Who cheer the evening of thy age?
‘ Or lull each sigh in accent bland?
‘ Or guide thee with a faithful hand
‘ Thro’ the dark silent vale of woe,
‘ Where the waves of anguish flow?
‘ As sympathetic tears arise,
‘ Who will close thy death-set eyes,
‘ And see thee bosom’d in the tomb?---
‘ Thy Lucy will---O lead her home!
‘ And never may she hear again
‘ The wild wild shriek---the clanking chain;
‘ Never see the Keeper fell
‘ Lift his lash amid the cell,
‘ Where Despair and Madness dwell!’

THE
DYING INDIANS*,
A DRAMATIC ODE.

INSCRIBED TO THE REV. DR WARTON.

YANGZU—OOBEEA—CHORUS of Indian Hunters.

*The Scene is laid in a Wood ; and discovers the two Characters at a little distance from the Chorus, withdrawing to an adjacent shade—
Time of representation, the close of the day.*

‘YANGZU, hark ! how sweetly-thrilling
‘ Chants the bird at ev’ning-hour ;
‘ Where yon vines and fig-trees clust’ring
‘ Rear sublime the waving bow’r.

* The following verses are the conclusion of a very beautiful little poem, written by Dr Warton. They are here inserted, as they suggested the hint for writing this ode. Besides, they may perhaps acquaint the reader with a religious custom, which prevails among some of the Indians to this day.

— If e’er returns
Thy much-lov’d mother from the desert woods,

‘ There, beside the welling fountain
 ‘ Will I weave the wampum-zone ;
 ‘ Thence, we’ll trace the sun’s last beamings
 ‘ O’er the distant ocean thrown.’

“ Heard ye not the arrow whizzing,
 “ And anon the dread death-cry ?
 “ See ye not OOBEEA falling ?---
 “ This way, Hunters, let us flie !”

‘ ’Twas no bird among the branches
 ‘ That allur’d with chantings rude :
 ‘ Some fell savage hid in ambush---
 ‘ Soon my hands shall drink his blood.”---

Cherish her age.—And when disease
 Preys on her languid limbs, *then kindly stab her*
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
 Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.

' Stay my YANGZU! if thou leave me,

' Who the last dear rite shall pay?

' To revenge me, all the Hunters

' Haste th' accursed wretch to slay.

' In my breast deep burns the poison;

' Soon I'll reach the blissful isle,

' O'er whose vales, serenely flowing,

' Ever beams YOHEWAH's smile.

' Kindly let thy hand then stab me

' Where the wells of life o'erflow;

' Nor allow me here to linger---

' Bare 's my bosom to the blow.

' Death's dim veil o'er shades my eye-lids;

' Thro' the gloom I see thee start:

' Is it true? can YANGZU tremble,

' The dread hurler of the dart?"

- ‘ Foremost on the edge of danger,
- ‘ Many a scalp was YANGZU’s prize;
- ‘ Was he ever known to shudder
- ‘ At his bleeding captive’s cries?
- ‘ When that bold accursed Christian
- ‘ Thee attempted to deflow’r;
- ‘ Struggling tow’rd YOHEWAH’s altar,
- ‘ You implor’d th’ avenging Pow’r.
- ‘ Wand’ring nigh, thee straight I rescu’d;
- ‘ Limb from limb the wretch I tore;
- ‘ Then in triumph home returning,
- ‘ On my spear his heart I bore.
- ‘ Well thou know’st, my sister, dying,
- ‘ Bade me smite her anguish’d heart:
- ‘ I obey’d---tho’ much I lov’d her,
- ‘ Did I shrink to throw the dart?

- ' Kindly would my hand, too stab thee,
- ' And would calm these tort'ring throws;
- ' Yet I feel some Pow'r restrain me;
- ' As the brand uplifted glows.

- ' Why, OOBEEA, look so wistful?--
- ' Ah! that piteous air recalls
- ' Our first loves---I weep, I tremble,---
- ' Ha! th' impatient jav'lin falls.

- ' Falling, has it pierc'd thy bosom!
- ' Hies thy spirit on the gale,
- ' Far above the cloud-capt mountains
- ' Tow'ring, to her native vale?

- ' In yon radiant cloud still ling'ring,
- ' Lo! away she beckons me---
- ' One canoe shall waft our spirits
- ' Heav'nward o'er the western sea.

‘ Ere I die, the Hunters hither
‘ Mangled drag thy murtherer---
‘ Welcome friends ! fled is OOBEEA ;
‘ Soon will YANGZU follow her.

‘ Shroud us in the whitest deer-skin,
‘ Lay us deep in yonder gloom :
‘ Here, that savage Mohawk torture ;
‘ Let his scalp wave o’er our tomb.

‘ Bring my bow, and crown of feathers,
‘ Giv’n to me as Glory’s meed ;
‘ Ever flourish in the war-song
‘ YANGZU’s high heroic deed !”

“ Many a moon, at dusk of evening,
“ We in tribes shall seek thy tomb ;
“ There record thy mighty valour,
“ And bewail OOBEEA’s doom.”

T H E
M U R D E R E R.
A D R A M A T I C O D E.

SCENE, *A Wood.*—TIME, *Midnight.*

‘ **W**elt’ring in gore, beneath this shade,
‘ Loveliest EMMA! art thou laid!--
‘ Reckless of ev’ry shriek and tear,
‘ I dragg’d thee hither by the hair;
‘ Nor knew, when my unpitying hand
‘ Plung’d in blood the vengeful brand.

‘ Ascending o’er the cloud of night,
‘ Beaming in robes of heav’nly light,
‘ By Seraph borne I see on high
‘ Thy spirit, EMMA! gain the sky---

‘ There, plead for me!---

---The Seraph frown’d,

‘ And smote me to th’ ensanguin’d ground,

‘ Here by the corse---

---From blasted oak

‘ I hear the raven’s boding croak !

‘ Earth trembles! With redoubled rage,

‘ The torrent rain and wind engage ; *

‘ Along the wild the tempest howls ;

‘ From cloud to cloud the thunder rolls

‘ With solemn pause---thro’ the black air

‘ Gleams the light’ning’s livid glare !

‘ From the shroudless corse avaunt !

‘ Leave the wild sequester’d haunt,

‘ Where Despair and Horror fell,

‘ Demons of this savage dell,

‘ On the brink of yonder stream,

‘ Red with Cynthia’s lurid beam,

* Terra tremit.—

—ingeminant austrum et densissimus imber.

VIRG.

- ' Sit list'ning to the hollow roar
- ' Of famish'd tiger, prowling o'er,
- ' At midnight hour, the lonesome wood,
- ' Like me athirst for guiltless blood.
- ' Lo ! in gory vest bedight,
- ' Horror stays my willing flight ;
- ' Echo, from her yew-topt cell,
- ' Wafts the low funereal knell ;
- ' In vain I close my haggard eyes,
- ' Still Terror's ghastly Brood arise ;
- ' Now I hear their whispers dread,
- ' As the glades they cautious tread ;
- ' Now with vengeance they pursue ;
- ' Now they mark their victim due.
- ' In vain I fly---in vain I stay---
- ' To Conscience, or to Death a prey.'

Advertisement.

THE Author's design in writing the following tale, led him more to indulge POETICAL DESCRIPTION than is usually done in works of this kind. By mentioning this, he wishes to acquaint those who can *only* be pleased with a variety of incident, that, in reading the following Poem, they will be disappointed. Yet, neither in this, nor in any of his other pieces, has the Author addressed himself wholly to the imagination. He well knows, that poetry, when it fails to interest the affections, is no longer the animated language of nature. On this account, it has been continually his endeavour, *through the imagination, to affect the heart.*

ALVINE AND MORNA.

A TALE,

IN TWO PARTS.

PART FIRST.

REMOTE from Man's frequented tread,
Embosom'd in yon silent dale,
A straw-roof'd cottage rear'd its head
Romantic 'mid th' unpeopled vale.

A solitary elm above
The lowly mansion mantling hung,
Among whose boughs a nest was wove,
Whence the gay tenants sweetly sung.

There, liv'd unknowing and unknown,

EDMUND, who once the milder ray

Of Fortune prov'd, tho' now, alone,

The scyth and plough-share own'd his fway.

Nor at his humble lot repin'd,

Nor the ALL-RULING HAND gainfaid,

As Mem'ry, beaming on his mind,

The scenes of happier days display'd.

No---Conscious of ethereal fire,

To earthly toys he never bow'd;

Tho' homely was his best attire,

And scant the portion Heav'n allow'd.

A dearer blessing he enjoy'd

In filial love, than treasures yield;

And he each secret pray'r employ'd,

His child in solitude to shield.

“ Sequester’d from the worldling’s haunt,

“ With Peace,”--he cried,--“ here may I dwell,

“ And still may MORNA’s smiles enchant

“ Her father in his lonely cell.

“ And long, with Pity’s softest care,

“ May she assuage his ling’ring pain ;

“ Yet let not the too-anxious air

“ The bloom of beauty e’er distain.

“ But, should the Pilgrim of the dale,

“ To crave an alms, my threshold press,

“ Then may she listen to his tale,

“ And shed a tear o’er his distress.

“ And while the rosy light of youth

“ Breaks mildly, as the vernal day,

“ On every cheek, may Fancy, Truth,

“ And Tenderness, her bosom sway !

“ And spare---O spare her hoary Sire !

“ To shade these beauties, as they blow,

“ From ruder gales, and to inspire

“ Her willing breast with Virtue’s glow !

“ Be hers, to scorn th’ alluring toys

“ Of Honour and of Wealth combin’d,

“ When liken’d to those hallow’d joys,

“ Whose fountain is the soul refin’d.

“ Nor will I mourn, tho’, as the rose

“ Blushing, amid the myrtle’s gloom,

“ Unseen her soft’ning charms disclose,

“ Unknown, her native graces bloom ;

“ Nor tho’ I never joyous trace

“ The rising blush of warm desires,

“ Meand’ring o’er her snowy face,

“ When Love the yielding bosom fires.”

Propitious to his earnest pray'r,

He saw the FRIEND OF MAN bestow
On MORNA, Beauty's plaintive air,
And bright-ey'd Health's enchanting glow.

He saw, in meekest loveliness,
Simplicity, devoid of guile ;---
The tender thought of Innocence
Disclose in every rising smile.

Her mien express'd the hallow'd mind,
Where every milder virtue shone ;
The soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
To vulgar bosoms still unknown,

In vivid azure shone her eye ;
And, as afraid to give offence,
Withdrew, in downcast modesty,
The living and unguarded glance.

ALVINE AND MORNA,

And thence, to misery due, would swell

The streaming tear her cheeks along,

As from the grey-hair'd Minstrel's shell

Breath'd Sorrow's sweetly plaintive song.

Or, to Love's happier strain would rise

Her breasts, that could not brook control ;

And in the languish of her eyes

Divinest extacy would roll,

Ah ! then with Fancy, hand in hand,

Wander'd the visionary maid,

Along the wild brook's cressy strand,

Or to the woodland's deepest shade,

And as she there in thought renew'd

The scenes of Childhood's happier day,

The soothing tear her breast bedew'd,

And thus she pour'd th' impassion'd lay,

" Fancy, to ESCA's stream me guide,

" Oh ! bear me to my native plain ;

" Let me repose by ALVINE's side,

" And hear him tune th' enchanting strain.

" Lead me to yonder woodbine grove,

" Where oft at evening's close we met,

" Told many a tender tale of love,

" While many a tear the green turf wet.

" Ah ! there my artless song was breath'd

" In concert with his tuneful reed,

" There, for my auburn locks he wreath'd

" The budding wild flow'rs of the mead.

" There, earliest Love ! to thee arose

" The myrtle and the jessamine ;

" While MORNA round her Lover's brows

" The bay and laurel-leaf would twine.

“ There, tremblingly, the youth preferr’d

“ The passion glowing in his breast ;

“ And, as the vow I joyous heard,

“ A blush my yielding soul exprest.

“ But, not to Man’s unhallow’d lip

“ To quaff ethereal joy is given ;

“ Oft as we trembling raise the cup,

“ Untasted, from our hand ’tis driven.

“ Anon did Law’s tyrannic sway

“ My father force from his dear home ;

“ And, led by Fortune’s dubious ray,

“ Thro’ the wide world with me to roam.

“ My Love soon gave his last embrace---

“ ALVINE ! how could we ever part?---

“ No future day shall e’er deface

“ Thy lov’d idea from my heart !

" But shall I never see thee more ?

" Ne'er fondly on thy breast repose ?---

" Shall only dreams thy form restore ?

" And every dream renew my woes ?

" No,---may this tranquil bliss be mine,

" To smile away a father's care ; *

" Of ALVINE every thought resign,

" Save when ascends to Heav'n my pray'r.

" Yet why---why ever on my view

" Should he in every scene arise ?

" Why wake my soul to weep anew ?

" Why rend my bosom thus with sighs ?

" Yes, let the sigh my bosom rend,

" And let the tear my cheek o'erflow,

" For MORNA has no pitying friend,

" With solace bland to heal her woe.

* This line is from Mr Cartwright's beautiful poem of Armine and Elvira.

“ And sure am I, not summer show’rs

“ To wither’d lawns can be so dear,

“ Or evening-dew to drooping flow’rs,

“ As to the bleeding heart’s a tear.

“ Thee, Melancholy ! still I’ll woo,

“ Still shall the joy of grief be mine :

“ To thee was paid my earliest vow,

“ And still I’ll worship at thy shrine !”

So lost in the extatic dream

Of Childhood’s once-propitious love,

She mourn’d ; reclining by the stream

That laves yon vale’s remotest grove.

ALVINE AND MORNA.

PART SECOND.

ONCE, at the close of summer day,
When scarce a sun-beam from the west
Redden'd the valley's leafy spray,
And gilt the mountain's grassy breast :

Invited by the varying note
Of plaintive melody and love,
MORNA the wonted streamlet sought,
And fondly roam'd from grove to grove.

Can vain Ambition's fading wreath,
Intwin'd around the worthless brow ;
Or tinsel'd Pomp, such transport breathe,
As in the Enthusiast's bosom glow ?

When Nature to her ravish'd eye

Unfolds the smiling landscape green ;

The craig sublime, the evening sky,

And vales, and bowers, and lakes between.

Or, as in softly pensive mood,

She saunters by the murm'ring brook ;

Or hears the trees wave from the wood,

While resting in yon flowery nook.

Now Twilight o'er the lonesome scene

Threw trembling from the sky afar

Her mantle grey;---while shone serene

In dewy light the evening star.

Thence led, with Love's enthusiast choir,

She pierced the woodland's deep recess ;

Her bosom glowing with desire,

And many a thought of tenderness.

Now she would deem her Lover nigh,
Or hear his melting flute, or trace
The pensive motion of his eye,
Or fondly sink in his embrace.

Now the quick breath,---the swelling breast,
The wishful look, and throbbing heart,---
The smile half given and half suppress'd,
Her soul's soft language would impart.

Meanwhile, arose the chilly breeze
That linger'd 'mong the flowers at noon,
As scarcely wav'd on the pale trees
The yellow radiance of the moon.

And mute was all the ev'ning-throng
Of songsters, chanting 'mid the wood,
Save love-lorn Philomela's song,
Plaining to list'ning Solitude.

While from the distant echoing hills,
At times was heard the torrent's roar ;
Or melancholy sound of rills,
Wand'ring the lonely valleys o'er.

Ere long from her aerial height,
In rapture flow'd the woodlark's trill,
Hailing the slow return of light,
That trembled on the eastern hill.

No more in blissful dream entranc'd,
MORNA had left the bower, and stray'd
Homeward a pace,---when lo! advanc'd
A Stripling from the neighbouring shade!

She saw the Youth ; and quick withdrew
Amidst the horrors of the wood ;
Where bramble, knit with darkest yew,
Mantled the seat of Solitude,

Or rather Woe. For here decay'd
Is seen (as hoary pilgrims tell)
The tomb, in nettles dank array'd,
Where ELWOOD and ALMIRA dwell.

Often they fought on summer-eve
The bower with yonder woodbines crown'd;
With Love's pure glow their bosoms heave
As sitting on the mossy ground.

So fleets the joyous hour, a while
Propitious to their fondest wish.---
Ah me! no more young ELWOOD's smile
Meets his ALMIRA's rising blush.

No more they breathe the tender thought
In blooming lawn, at ev'ning hour.---
Stern ARPHIN from yon tower remote
Hied unsuspected to the bower.

She heard the sound of vagrant feet,
And timid flew to ELWOOD's breast,
Of sacred love the blest retreat,
And in his arms her fears confess.

Her father saw the soft caress,
The kiss of purest love return'd---
He saw---nor longer could suppress
The fury in his breast that burn'd.

“Curst Pair!”---he cried---and straight a dart
Forth from his vengeful hand he threw;
It pierc'd ALMIRA's flutt'ring heart,
And wet its wing in ELWOOD's too.

Thee, Murderer! horrors shall attend,
And vengeance fell thy flight pursue,
Till thy own hand thy breast shall rend,
And thy own blood thy corse bedew!

Nor were their limbs unburied long,
Nor long remain'd the rites unpaid;
Their hallow'd dirge a minstrel sung,
And thence to yonder gloom convey'd.

Beneath the green fern lay obscur'd
The turf-built tomb for many a day;
Till ALVINE came, by Fancy lur'd,
New honours o'er their dust to pay.

At dawn, the young Enthusiast took
From Lothian's plains his wand'ring lone
O'er many a vale; then by a brook,
He stretch'd him on the mossy down.

There slept till morn. Thence, thro' the wood
Roaming, he reach'd the yew-trees' gloom;
With fault'ring step, in irie * mood
He wander'd by the Lover's tomb.

* Irie implies that sort of fear which is conceived by a

No flowerets of the rising year

He duteous strewed along their grave;

Th' expressive look, the gushing tear,

And plaintive rime, were all he gave.

“ In happier climes, remote from woe,

“ On Angel's radiant pinions borne,

“ Again they meet---then why o'erflow

“ Soft Pity's tears the weed-grown urn?

“ Yes, let the tender thought be giv'n,

“ The tear still tremble in my eye;

“ For oh! the high behest of Heav'n

“ To Sorrow's child is sympathy.

person apprehensive of apparitions. Though it is not properly an English word, yet I have here presumed to introduce it, as it is very expressive.

" So beauteous MORNA thought. Oftimes,

" In earlier days, the sigh arose

" To the rude legendary rimes

" Of ELWOOD's and ALMIRA's woes.

" Ah me! 'tis said, no more she weeps

" At the soft tale of hapless love,

" But clay-cold and neglected sleeps

" Beneath some hollow-murm'ring grove.

" Close by some gloomy silent wave,

" The green turf wraps her narrow cell---

" Romantic thought! I'll seek her grave,

" And there I'll breathe my last farewell.

" And there her Spirit shall attend

" As witness to this faithful vow---

" My breast, no future love shall rend,---

" No future joys, my thought pursue!"

"---Unheeded shall thy MORNA cry !

" Unnotic'd shall her soul retire !----

" Return ! ere tears quite dim my eye,

" Or ere my latest sigh expire !"

Scarce on his ear the voice of love

Broke plaintive, till the virgin hied

Straight from a copse with fern inwove,

And, fault'ring, sought her ALVINE's side.

Yet ere she reach'd his fond embrace,

The soft'ning glow which Nature shed,

The rising smile forsook her face,

And life itself a moment fled.

Ah ! now the haggard look exprest

The youth's wild agonies of woe ;

The sigh now struggl'd in his breast,

And now the tear began to flow.

As to the wanderer, forlorn

By craggy steep or wild at night,

Breaks the white gleam of distant morn,

And welcome rises into light :

So joy his forrowing mind illum'd,

As brighten'd in the virgin's eye

Returning life, and, as rebloom'd

Her wonted charms in varying dye.

Soon yielding in his bland embrace,

MORNA her truest with exprest ;

Soon glancing o'er each soft'ning grace,

He strain'd her closer to his breast.

In silent wonder, long they ey'd

Fond transport in each other's mien

Rise glowing ;---till the Youth descried

A Hermit near the blissful scene.

Anon he cried.---“Our mutual vow

“May thou, propitious Sire, approve!”

“My Father!--O forgive!--bestow

“A smile on MORNA’s vestal love!”

“Yes, EDMUND smiles:---And Heav’n increase

“The extacy your bosoms own;

“May Fancy still with Tendernefs

“Unite, your happiness to crown!”

Then straight his daughter from the shade

The Father led to Hymen’s fane;---

His golden chain with down inlaid,

There join’d the happy nymph and swain.

Youth, Beauty, and the Soul refin’d,

O’er Hymen threw th’ unclouded ray;

Love’s tend’rest sympathy of mind

With joy illum’d each future day.

Odes Descriptive and Allegorical.

O D E

ON THE

RETURN OF SPRING.

TO A LADY.

AMELIA, now in beauty's glow,
And innocence you shine,
Now tenderness and love bestow
A charm that's truly thine;
And the soft timid smiles of youth
Blush as the new-blown rose,
And sweet simplicity and truth
Your future mind disclose,

Then, while the zephyrs of the Spring

Her tuneful tribes awake ;

The cuckoo in the wood to sing,

The linnet from the brake ;

Again we'll wander o'er the mead

Wet with the morning dew,

To pull the rose and daisy red,

With many a violet blue,

Again, to shun the noon-tide ray,

We'll seek the deepest grove ;

Or, at the close of summer-day,

By Esca's streamlet rove :

And there, as Love and young Desire

Their mutual glow impart,

I'll bid my artless song enquire

The language of your heart,

ODE TO TENDERNESS*.

HAIL loveliest Daughter of the dale!
Whose voice, as Summer's balmy gale,
Gladdens the Child of Woe;
Bedewing oft thy azure eye,
Thy bosom heaving the kind sigh,
Thou comest with flow'rets soft his rugged steps to
strow.

Or wandering o'er yon bushy lawn,
Thou view'st the songsters of the dawn
Cheering their downy care;
Or wreathing for thy tresses brown
Of vernal buds a bloomy crown,
At noon, beside the lambs thou sit'st their sport to share.

* This ode was occasioned by reading Mr Cameron's Poems. It is with real pleasure that I here acknowledge my esteem for this Gentleman. Though his writings are distinguished by the delicate graces of *simplicity* and *tenderness*, yet his friendship is still dearer to me, as those writings are only the transcript of his mind.

Now, by that waving silver wand
Adorning aye thy snowy hand,
With tender dreams me soothe;
And while I feel thy glow benign
My bosom brighten and refine,
May I recall the scenes of my endearing youth!

Ah me! how oft with Pleasure gay
I've sat the live-long summer-day,
Beneath yon mantling thorn!
No more I joyous press the groves
To hear the linnets chant their loves,
Or climb yon upland field to hail the radiant morn.

Nor yonder straw-top'd cottage more
Hears me my honour'd Sire deplore
With unavailing woe;
The page of science to my soul
Never again shall he unroll,
To cheer the lonely hour, or guide me while be-
low,

Oft with AMELIA have I strayed,
Or innocently jocund played
Yon hills and dales among---
Ah! why should Memory in vain
The tranſient joy ſeek to retain,
That to the lay of Love attuned my infant tongue?

Yon melancholy yew-tree ſhade,
Yon graſſy turfs that wrap the dead,
At eve I'll ne'er forego:
To heavenly climes AMELIA's gope,
Her early loſs I'll then bemoan,
And o'er her little grave due ſhall my anguiſh flow.

Lo! heark'ning to the plaintive reed,
The Loves and Graces ſeek yon mead,
With ſympathetic mien;
While Senſibility divine
Bids Innocence and Beauty join
Thy hand, O Tenderneſs! amid the hallow'd ſcene.

Remote in Fancy's haunt reclined,
 Simplicity, with charms refined,
 Wakes thy soft-breathing lyre:
 In tender soul-enchancing song,
 Still may her Bards thy theme prolong,
 Responsive to the notes of yonder woodland choir.

With Poesy, by Esca's stream,
 As Thought renews my Childhood's dream,
 May I the hours beguile;
 Or, as in CAMERON's earliest strain*,
 I trace my infant joys again,
 Now may I conscious sigh, and now unweeting smile.

And while such hallow'd bliss is mine,
 Remote from Fame I'll ne'er repine
 To pass th' inglorious day;
 Yet tune again thy Favourite's string,
 Anon may pensive CAMERON sing,
 And future ages twine for him th' unfading bay.

* Panana, Part First.

O D E

L I T T L E G I R L.

JESSY, I fondly tune the lyre,
 While in your mien the Graces dawn
 Soft as the rose-bud of the lawn,
 And you the votive lay inspire.
 Now infant musings fix your eye;
 Your little breasts half-breathe the sigh;
 The glance afraid to give offence
 Withdraws, while smiles of innocence
 Unfold the rip'ning beauties of your soul,
 And o'er my heart the tide of gen'rous transport roll.

May Heav'n propitious hear my pray'r,
To you vouchsafe those charms refin'd
That glow in the high-favour'd mind,
And make you her peculiar care :
May Innocence, and Beauty's sway
Be Guardians of your infant day ;
And Fancy Tenderness and Truth,
United, beautify your youth ;
And when Old age bends trembling, o'er the tomb,
May Heav'n's auspicious ray disperse the hovering gloom !

Meanwhile, O live to soothe my woes,
And smile away a father's fear,
Soften his sighs, and wipe the tear
That now your mother's cheek o'erflows !
And bid them hope, tho' now they know
The envious frown of Virtue's foe,
That Heaven ere long their days will bless
With joy, and competence, and peace ;
While on their knee and by their side shall rise
Smiling, their children gay, and innocent, and wise.

O D E
T O A
F R I E N D.

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

ALONG yon meadow shall we stray?

Or press yon water-side,

Where many a flow'ret blushes gay,

And songsters sweet abide?

Now while the rosy-bosom'd Spring

Her young attendants wakes to sing;

And while the rising Sun displays,

Embosom'd in a dewy shower,

The earliest blossoms of the bower

Unfolding to his rays.

Ah me! how soon the orient beams
Of morning fleet away!
Ah me! how soon these transient gleams
Forebode the gloomy day!
Even now the sky begins to lower,
The eastwind blows the fleety shower;
Yet shelter'd 'mid these woody dales
The daisy, lily, and the rose,
Unseen their blooming hues disclose
To balmy breathing gales.

So while the vale of woe we rove,
May Friendship's cheering ray
Attend our steps,—our bosoms prove
Her sympathetic sway!
And should the howling blast arise,
Or wand'ring cloud o'ercast the skies
Beneath her shade then may we roam,
And there the storm of life defy
Undaunted, till in yonder sky
We gain our heavenly home.

O D E

T O

B E N E V O L E N C E.

INSCRIBED TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUGH.

W HILE, in the dawn of life, I stray

Unweetingly in Pleasure's way ;

Nor feel the poison of her dart

As yet imparted to my heart ;

Unknowing how the Worldling's smile

Can Youth and Innocence beguile ;

How Envy's breath, or Sorrow's gloom,
Can press to an untimely tomb ;
Or whence those disappointments flow,
That swell the tide of human woe ;---
While scarce a tear yet wets my eye,
Or from my bosom steals a sigh ;
While Childhood smiles serenely gay,
And Youth descries a brighter day---
May thou, BENEVOLENCE, impart
Thy hallowed spirit to my heart ;
And Candour bring, and Sympathy
Of modest look and pitying eye,
And Love, and Sensibility !

So may I feel those joys refin'd,
Unknown to every selfish mind :
The joy to share a neighbour's woe,
And at a neighbour's transport glow ;
To hide from every prying eye
The failings of mine enemy ;

To let my hospitable door
Stand open to the neighb'ring poor ;
And visit every humble cell,
Where Want or Sorrow seem to dwell :
So never may this heart disown
To make another's cares its own !

BENEVOLENCE !---no higher bliss
On earth I'll ever ask---than this---
To yield relief to modest woes,
And bless the weary with repose ;
Bid Peace on worthy age attend,
And be the man of wisdom's friend ;
Raise Genius from the lonely wild ;
Shelter the Muses' favourite child
From Envy's blasts ; and o'er the dust
Of Merit rear the honour'd bust :
And, as these blessings I bestow,
To feel thy transports in my bosom glow !

O D E
ON THE
POWER OF POETRY.

To the REV. MR LOGAN.

Non satis est, pulchra esse poemata; dulcia suntu.

HOR.

WHILE youthful Bards their verse inspire
Alone with Fancy's sparkling fire,
They form the rime in vain ;
Unless, like you, they join the glow,
That melts the soul to gentlest woe,
In soft impassion'd strain.

Then will poetic transports rise,
 And mildly brighten in our eyes;
 Then tears begin to flow :
 And, as we own the potent lay,
 Our duteous hands will twine the bay
 Around the Poet's brow.

T H E E N D.

E R R A T A.

The accurate reader will observe in the first Poem a dash and a few commas which ought to have been omitted. The sense requires a comma at verse 14. p. 2. and a full point at verse 7. p. 33.



